The Villager

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Proposed mural for new "Wailing Wall"
to be erected for Peninsula Sob Sisters

CRYING IN ONE'S HAIR

WE QUOTE Mr. Newberry of the *Carmel Pine Cone*: "President Roosevelt said, 'I personally find high satisfaction in the knowledge that it is possible in this land of ours for anyone to establish a newspaper' . . . Carmel promptly responds by establishing its fourth newspaper, the Weekly VILLAGER."

So President Roosevelt is to blame?

Let's all let our hair down and have a good cry together.

When we're through weeping, let's all get together and condemn the "President of the Carmel Business Association for filling a long felt want."

Let's blame all the Presidents, from that of the P. G. & E. back to the Father of Our Country.

Break out the flag and we'll cry about "patriotism."

Let's quote the Pine Cone once more, ". . . or it may be that the President of the Business Association wants to be an editor."

Eugene A. H. Watson *is* an editor. He has an exceptionally competent staff. He edits their copy. His taste and literary discernment may be readily seen in the first copy of THE VILLAGER.

Again the *Pine Cone* says, "For nobody knows better than he that there is not room for two newspapers in Carmel, let alone four."

Should Mr. Watson therefore discontinue publication immediately?

Once again men, let's all have a good cry together . . .

Also, while we of the Fourth Estate cringe at the Wailing Wall (located preferably near the Post Office), let us shed a tear for the undeniable fact that Mr. Newberry, who bemoans Mr. Watson's starting a fourth newspaper, is sadly guilty of the heinous crime of starting a FIFTH printing plant at a time when this small village had *four!*

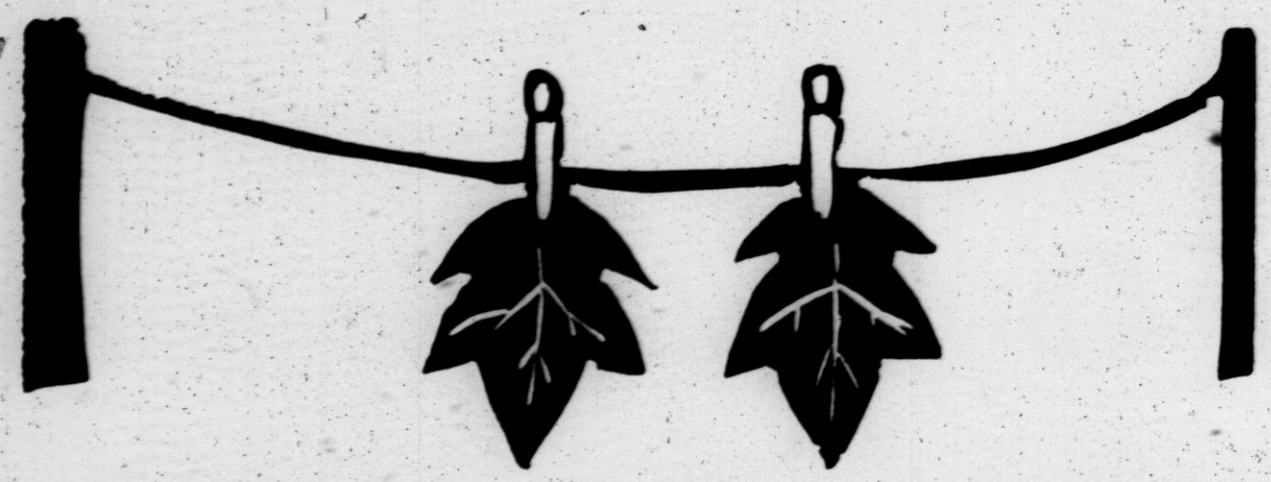
Come, come, gentlemen, let's have less gnashing of teeth and more of the spirit of sunshine in our little hearts.

In the meantime, READ THE VILLAGER!

It is a news-magazine. It is alive! It is going to be entertaining!

But it can't cry worth a damn . . .

P. O'C.



The Villager ▪ Carmel-by-the-Sea ▪ California

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Sultan and Sultana of Johore Grant Interviews to "The Villager"

The Sultan

"If I were an American," said Sir Ibrahim, "I would not leave this charming country for even five minutes." Sam Morse beamed happily in the background. "Nor would I spend five dollars outside of this so lovely place," stated His Highness.

Whether this was in regard to international trade or not we forebore asking.

"Never before have I enjoyed myself so thoroughly, although I have been here but a few days," said the Supreme Ruler of the State of Johore.

"You have everything here," he continued, "and your people are most gracious." The Sultan, who with the Sultana, a lovely blonde Scottish woman, and his suite, which includes the dynamic Inspector Bohr of the United States Secret Service, and who is temporarily taking the place of Captain Abdullah, aide-de-camp of His Highness, arrived late Sunday night at Hotel Del Monte.

Motoring from San Francisco, they visited enroute Willie Tevis, noted polo player, and Herbert Hoover in Palo Alto.

"I found Mr. Hoover a man of infinite perception," said the Sultan, in his beautifully modulated Oxford English, "we talked 'tin' and other mining enterprises. Naturally these interest me." Quite naturally, as Johore is one of the wealthiest mining areas in the whole world.

Inspector Bohr had introduced the reporters of The Villager.

"Attractiveness is a journalistic attribute?" smiled the Sultan gallantly, watching the society reporter questioning Her Highness the Sultana.

Dressed in a quietly tailored brown suit, the Sultan is a handsome man. Over six feet and built like an athlete, one can readily see why His Highness was one of the dashing polo players in all of India. Horses are an especial hobby with him, and his stables are of the finest. Johore is located in the southernmost tip of the Malay peninsula, just north of Singapore. The area is around 7.500 square miles and the population, of which the Sultan is the final authority, approximates more than 180,000 people.

The Sultan, knighted Sir Ibrahim, and his charming Sultana, departed shortly on a tour of the peninsula with Mr. Morse and Inspector Bohr. From here they go to Santa Barbara, thence on to New York and Washington and then to London.

They arrived a few days ago from the Orient and seem to be having an enjoyable time, especially when comparing the beauties of Northern California to their own lovely land of Johore. —P. O'C.

The Sultana

"One of the most enchanting views I have ever seen is from my window here at Del Monte looking out over the Bay," said Her Royal Highness, the Sultana of Johore, in the lobby of that hostelry when we went for an interview to cover the 'feminine' angle, for The Villager.

Her Highness was dressed in a green and white sports ensemble and wore very beautiful rings to match. It is reported that some time ago a salesman for one of America's most expensive motor vehicles had an audience with their Highnesses.

He was allowed to give them a demonstration. One can imagine that the salesman was agog at the prospects of selling a model to one of the world's most wealthy men. It is possible the salesman jittered slightly as His Highness smiled approval at the end of the demonstration. But when Sir Ibrahim nonchalantly said, "I'll take fourteen," Heaven knows what the poor salesman felt.

Whether the above is true or not we didn't ask Her Highness, for we were too busy listening to her discourse upon equines and equestrianism. It seems the Sultana, like her royal spouse, is most enthusiastic over horses. The Sultan, you know, was honored by a high polo rating in his younger days.

"Our horses have to be imported to Johore," said the Sultana, "So of course we have our horsemen in spells, as our people do not have a chance to know horses from the time they are small, as do yours."

"At present our polo is not too good," she said modestly, "but it is our favorite sport and we are constantly trying to improve it."

The Sultana is reputed to be of Scottish descent, very blonde, and most charming. All in all, their Majesties, if that is what a reporter is supposed to call them, are a handsome, dignified couple, well qualified to represent Johore in every aspect. We sincerely wish them a most pleasant journey through these United States, and trust that they will not be disappointed. —J. L.

Flash! Paddleford Paddled Where Is Bercovici?

Genevieve Paddleford, international writer of fiction on blank checks, and scourge of Carmel merchants during her reign of penmanship on the Peninsula a few years ago, was arrested in Paris yesterday. La Paddleford left many memories here, and many checks of considerable elasticity.

Miss Paddleford's only rival to date is the departed Mr. Alfred Bercovici, son of the well known gypsy author, who was, for a time, Carmel's "one-man crime wave." A thorough knowledge of gypsy stories assisted Mr. Bercovici in gypping locally.

It is heartily recommended that local fiction writers band together in an effort to obtain protection from these prime examples of "belles lettres" and that the Business Association fingerprint incoming fictioneers for the Serra Year.

✦ ✦ ✦

Watch for series of articles on Social Credit by Bernard Rowntree, the first instalment of which will appear next week.

The Way I See It

STATION WLO
BROADCASTING

I get something of a provincial satisfaction when I hear of or read about a Carmelite's achievement in art, literature or the drama. I cannot say that I experience any thrill when prizefighter "Kid Somebody" of Carmel wins by a knockout. Do you?

' ' '

The Carmel City Council, irked, because of errors in official printing ordered from a San Francisco firm, started something when they proclaimed intention hereafter to have all printing done at home. This leads the way for private concerns in all lines to do likewise. It is only fair that money earned in a community should be spent in that community, all things else being approximately equal.

' ' '

The wonder is not that Carmel now has an adequate art gallery. It is that such an institution in such a community was not established and maintained long ago. Perhaps it is that the period of economic adversity has disciplined us into doing those things that should have been done in the era of prosperity and plenty.

' ' '

Of all the special days set apart to commemorate or to celebrate some particular event or sentimental remembrance I believe that Mothers' Day is the best and most worthy. This year the day falls on Sunday, May 13. Dead or alive, you can honor her.

' ' '

At last the public utilities have awakened to the fact that with incomes and wages down, the public is unable to pay for service at the rates which the prosperous years justified. Voluntary reductions have been promised. Local, state and federal legislation will take care of those who still try to exact more than the traffic will bear.

' ' '

It is up to Carmel's business men and the residents generally to make a success of the Serra Festival, which is to be held here in August. Talk about it, think about it, help to raise the preliminary fund to start the affair on its way. Get Serra-minded.

' ' '

The trustees and faculty of Sunset School are to be highly commended for the program presented in observation of School Week. From the lowest grade to the highest the work displayed was excellent, justifying the outstanding reputation of the school. We are proud of it.

' ' '

The decision of the members of the Carmel Sanitary Board to withdraw their resignations from that body, tendered some weeks ago, will meet with general approval. These men, with a practical knowledge of what their jobs call for, will be able to work out and submit a satisfactory plan for a solution of the problems that now confront the district in the matter of sewage disposal.

Old Monterey Polo Club Activities for May

Friday, May 4: Bridge Tournament at Clubhouse at 8 p.m. An effort will be made to arrange four man teams at duplicate. Couples desiring to enter, communicate with Mrs. Harry Brownell.

Wednesday, May 9: Scavenger Hunt. Buffet Supper at Clubhouse at 7 p.m. Hunt follows. Miss Betty Work in charge. Supper 65 cents.

Saturday, May 19: Badminton Match at Clubhouse at 8 p.m. with Woodside-Atherton Badminton Club. Mr. Snook, Team Captain for Old Monterey Polo Club.

Sunday, May 20: Barbecue at Work Ranch in Carmel Valley for Members of Woodside-Atherton Club. Club members are invited, but Miss Work wants assistance from members.

Fishing Season Opens

Hundreds of peninsula residents were away for their favorite fishing streams at the crack of dawn yesterday morning which was the opening day of the fishing season.

Wardens Orben Philbrick, of Monterey, and Fred Post, of Salinas, report that many of the streams are getting low although both the Big and Little Sur Creeks should offer the same amount of sport as they did last year. The water in the Carmel River is also unusually low but fishermen report a good catch taken below the San Clemente Dam.

' ' '

Mrs. Grace Glenn returned to Carmel Sunday after spending the past week with her son in San Diego.

Joan Blondell and the Forest Theater

By Janet Large

We are given to understand that neither the Carmel Community Players nor those of the Forest Theater have definitely planned productions for the coming summer season.

We also have been given to understand that "If I Were King" was presented a number of years ago in Carmel and was most successfully received.

It happens that a little over a month ago when Miss Joan Blondell was working in a picture on the Peninsula here, we had a chat with her concerning the "theatre."

It seems that Miss Blondell played Lady Katherine de Vaucelles in "If I Were King" as one of her earliest roles, and would like to play that part again.

Miss Blondell, in company with a great many other motion picture stars, greatly prefers stage acting to motion pictures.

It seems to us that it would be not only an excellent idea, but a practical project for the Carmel Community Players and those of the Forest Theater to get together, sponsoring a production which would star Miss Blondell in her favorite role.

The Serra Festival should draw many tourists to the Peninsula this summer, and if a date could be arranged, providing, of course, that it is convenient for Miss Blondell, just before the Festival, one may imagine that unusually large audiences will be guaranteed. We can visualize no more perfect setting than the famed Forest Theater for such a production.

As a publicity move Warner Brothers themselves would also benefit, were they to assist in the costuming and staging of such a show.

Will anything more come of this?

Masthead Executed by Talented Girl

THE VILLAGER points with pride to our most attractive front page masthead, designed and cut by that talented young artist, Miss Abbie Lou Bosworth. It is with such distinctive printing that THE VILLAGER feels it may serve in attracting other artists to join our folds.

Miss Bosworth does most of her work in oils, although she is equally competent in wood and other mediums.

' ' '

Joseph M. Newberger, president of the First National Bank of Seattle, and his wife, have taken a house here for the coming month.

Barre-Orlova Smears Parlor Pinks Perfectly

Madame Barre-Orlova stood graciously on the stage at the Community Playhouse and quietly, but firmly, put our best known parlor pinks through their paces and then deposited them—with not much left of their communistic inhibitions.

Madame's stage experience stood her in great stead, when some of our American-Russians asked impertinent and would-be witty questions.

There were moments when Rhys Williams seemed to think he was the speaker of the evening. As a writer he may be all very well, but as a speaker he should study elocution and the English language as it is spoken.

The most helpful speaker from the audience was Paul Dougherty. His intelligence and clear thinking was a decided relief after the "witticisms" of Martin Flavin and the attempted hecklings of Ella Winter.

In her discussion, Madame Barre-Orlova kept to the abstract except when a picture could be drawn more vividly by specific instance. She spoke not only as a Russian concerning Russia but also as a Russian who has adopted the United States.

She does not believe in revolution but in evolution, and does not think that the Socialistic ideas as adopted by Soviet Russia are an answer to the problems of the United States nor does she believe that the present administration is swinging to the Left Wing as so many of our own papers would have us believe.

Her final plea was to the effect that instead of tearing down we "build up" and leave the dead past to the dead, for the future is moving upon us quickly. —J. L.

Bond Issue To Be Asked for Sunset School Alterations

The voters of Sunset School District (Carmel and environs) will shortly be called upon to vote bonds to finance alterations absolutely necessary to make the school buildings earthquake proof.

The amount and character of the bonds has not been stated, nor has the date for the election been set. The school's Board of Trustees has had the matter under consideration for some time, and appreciating the gravity of the situation, have decided to put the proposition up to the voters at the earliest possible date.

Big Top Circus Carries Aromas and Aromas

Al Barnes' pets went through their tricks, the other day, to the joy of the Peninsula youngsters. One of the most interesting of the many interesting characters there was Mrs. Hanneford, *Poodles'* mother, and the Grande Dame of circus land.

Mrs. Hanneford has spent over fifty years under the big top. We met her before the performance and one would have thought one was being entertained by a Duchess in her own mansion.

The three generations of Hannefords who performed in the ring are excellent equestrians, and *Poodles* is most certainly one of the best clowns of the day. *Poodles* hurt his ankle before the performance, hurrying to meet the pretty blonde companion who was at our side, and although it made the little man limp, in no way did it mar his delighting the hundreds of children.

Mabel Stark, whose arms actually are scarred very badly from the claws of her little pets, was very modest and charming. Her handling of her big Bengal tigers showed the least intimidation or signs of cruelty.

In the side show departments, Madame Butterfly was our guide, The Madame is a mind reader and a good one, as she apologized for the dirt and smells before we could even voice our private thoughts of them.

All in all, circus life is on the wane; even Floyd King, the genial press agent, who used to work the rounds with Courtney Riley Cooper of the *Saturday Evening Post* in the old days, admits that it "ain't what it used to be." —J. L.

Brooks Family Touring in Twin Planes

Flying up from Mexico in twin planes, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brooks arrived this week at the Sidney Fish rancho, where they stunted their ships in remarkable formation previous to their landing.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Brooks are expert pilots and for more than seven years have traveled in no other manner. Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Fish in the east, neighbors in fact, this charming couple wing their way all over the country, each in their own plane. Upon their departure, they saluted their hosts with further novel feats.

* * *

Bain Reamer, son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Reamer, spent the week end with his parents at their home on Reamer's Point. Bain is a junior at the University of California.

Pistol Club News

The next time you step out with the girl friend wear a bullet-proof vest and beware, for she may be an expert marksman!

Yes, men, shooting, as well as many other sports, is doomed to be invaded by the fair but not weaker sex.

Here's some proof.

Mrs. Lillian S. Chase of Springfield, Mass., recently won the title of National Novice Champion from a man who has held it for twenty years.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has had a pistol practice range installed in the East Wing of the White House and is fast becoming a crack shot. Mrs. Roosevelt carries a gun when on automobile trips for the protection of her family and advises the mothers of the land to learn to use guns and arm themselves as a protection against kidnappers.

An interesting incident took place in Chicago last month when Miss Alice McCarthy, garbed in her best clothes and with a purse dangling from her wrist, went out for a stroll on a warm evening.

James Hall, a negro youth, snatched the purse and started to run. Miss McCarthy called after him to stop or she would shoot. Hall paid no attention so Miss McCarthy shot him in the middle of the back, grabbed him by the collar, dragged him to the nearest telephone, called police headquarters and said: "This is Policewoman McCarthy. Come and get a prisoner."

The Carmel Pistol Club welcomes visitors at its outdoor range where they practise every Sunday morning from nine o'clock until noon. Bring your own pistol and do a little target practice yourself or, if you haven't a gun and know nothing whatever about shooting but are interested, one of the members will gladly explain the workings of a revolver and lend you his for a few rounds.

Serra Festival Committee Hold Meeting

Arrangements that must be made and problems that must be overcome to make the coming Serra Festival a success were discussed at a meeting of the committee at Whitney's last Friday evening.

Members of the committee are D. L. Staniford, chairman; George Marion, Father Michael O'Connell, Frederic Burt and Harry Dorney.

* * *

A farewell party was given for Mrs. L. E. Payne and her daughter May at the Carmel Inn last week before they left for Tassajara Hot Springs, where they will spend the summer.

The Autobiography of An Adolescent

AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

(Wherein our young hero, after summarizing various minor philosophies, begins his tale. He departeth from the Halls of Learning and decides upon a life on the Rolling Deep.)

CHAPTER 2

. . . as good Rabelais says, "Now make ye merry, my hearties, and gaily read with ease of body and rest of reins, and may a curse carry you off if you disown me after having read me."

There ought to be a law for the preservation of ideals in the very young. When I was seventeen the utter injustice of my elders to myself was brought to a head by the authorities of Stanford University insisting that I return to high school and seek legitimate entrance to their halls of learning.

This piqued me considerably as the only class that I attended was Primary French because I knew the instructor pretty well. The fact that my brother was a professor of engineering there should have made them let me stay, according to my way of thinking, but it didn't.

People who, by reason of additional years, lay claim to being mature, seldom take into consideration the chaos that goes on in the minds of us poor devils of the "gawky age."

Instead of sympathizing with me, my brother and my brother's wife seemed to side with the authorities. They failed to see the cleverness of my putting it over on the Board of Registrars and consequently gave me my fare back home. Just before I left, Henrietta, that's my brother's wife, took my face in her hands and kissed it, saying, "Mike," although you have the body of a man you've still got the mind of a child," and she sighed. Her child, Betsey, is by way of being seven or eight which made the comparison even more odious.

After saying good bye to my room mate, P. Morris, I took the bus and a couple of his shirts into San Francisco. I hadn't any intention of going home so I wandered down to the water front.

I went on board several ships but, due to the watchman, came back on shore again rather quickly. Finally a hanger-around told me that if I wanted to get on with any of the companies, I would have to go to the head office. So I went to the head office uptown and was sent back down to the water front again. The harbor master of the Dollar line was, in my imagination, a white haired, fatherly old whaling captain. He turned out to be a recent graduate of Annapolis who felt his mission in life was to discourage people from becoming sailors.

After much argument I persuaded him that the sea could hardly get along without me; he said that if I would go down to San Pedro on the 21st I might be able to catch the *President Adams* before any of the other applicants. So I spent a couple of more days in San Francisco and the rest of my money before going out on the Coast highway and bumming my way south. I arrived in Hollywood at midnight and as it was too late to get any one to pick me up on their way to the beach I slept in the P. E. station on Sunset Boulevard. I see every reason in the world for the passing of an ordinance compelling street railways to build their waiting houses in any other style than the present ones. Something on the lines of the University Club would help, preferably with central heating and heavier upholstery for the benches.

Came the dawn and a Jap gardener who rode me to Santa Monica. I entered my parental dwelling just in time for breakfast, much to everyone's polite surprise. My reception was more cordial when they learned that on the morrow I was destined to get a ship for China and I was fed plentifully.

The day was most profitably spent making the rounds of my acquaintances and basking in the glory of being a hardened sailor. A few of my friends who were a bit jealous intimated that they would believe it when they heard from the Chinese wardens that I really was there. I said good bye to several flappers who were more concerned to see if I would return with coolie coats for them than whether or not I would return at all.

The next day found me waiting on the docks for the *President Adams* at 4 a.m. in the very cold dawn. It was not as bad as the dawn before, owing to the fact that I borrowed the family sedan for the drive to San Pedro after leaving a note telling them that it would be on pier 10. The *Adams* made port at 11 o'clock, seven hours late, which seemed to be her regular schedule of lassitude.

The captain received my note from the harbor master in San Francisco very laconically. His only comment was "to get them clothes off and get into a pair of coveralls and help the third mate down in number 3 hold" so I took it that I was hired.

The third was a smelly little scotsman with a moth-eaten mustache and an awfully homeless look. I said that I was the new cadet and it only seemed to make him more homesick. We spent several hours putting out cargo lights and I learned that the mate had a weakness for strong drink and that his worried look was not a desire for home and mother but merely the injustice of the fourth mate having the keys to the liquor store. Seeing that the ship was in the land of the free and that the fourth was Seventh Day Teetotaler or something, the authorities entrusted the keys to him. The recital of the world's unfairness kept McPherson and me from doing too much work, so I was quite comfortably sitting on sugar sacks listening to his philosophy when the Old Man sent a chink for me. They were signing on the new crew and I was recited the ship's articles and told to sign on the dotted line.

There were several things about this ship that failed to compare favorably with other ships that I had been on. Perhaps it was due to the fact that all previous maritime experience had been from the first class cabin. At any rate, I wasn't sure what I was obligating myself to so when my turn came I signed Preston Morris with a flourish.

(To be continued next week)

Gondolon

By Eric Suaad

Turn old Father Time's hour-glass upside down and what should we see pouring through the reversed sands? Prehistoric fragments, shards of dead empires, nations blighted with decay dropping like over-ripe fruit, ruins of great cities long since lost in the muck and wrack of impenetrable jungles. And—who knows?—flickering among the siffling sands, like a picture on the cinema's silver screen, might we not glimpse Gondolon?

Gondolon! a fabled continent sinking under the soft turquoise waters of the Pacific a thousand years before the Atlanteans built their ill-fated temples to the sun.

If tradition means anything, the great continent of Gondolon, through some titanic convulsion of nature, was wrenched off of what is now the Monterey Peninsula coastline. The interesting thing about this old tradition is that Gondolon must have been the original home of the Monterey cypress. This tree, scientists and dendrologists tell us, is unique, in that it is strictly peculiar to the Monterey Coast. These cypresses inhabiting an exceedingly restricted area, bring the survival of a previous age when, as Jepson of the University of California, the leading expert on the trees of California, says, "they must have played a prominent part in the great forest stretching down the

California Coast and out over land which now lies buried in the Pacific Ocean."

Go out to Cypress Point or Point Lobos on a day when the sea fog rolls in and the outlines of dune and mountains are blurred, when the secular cypress watch the sea lions "whelp and stable" on the rocks below, and in fancy you will see the lost continent of Gondolon glimmering through the mist.

Thus the Monterey cypress is a tree of romance and mystery. Romance, because it is linked with a lost continent now lying fathoms deep below the "myriad dimpling" waters off the Monterey Peninsula. Mystery, because they grow only at the extremity of two points of the Monterey Peninsula. The homes of these Druidic groves are Cypress Point on the Seventeen Mile Drive and Point Lobos at the southern end of Carmel Bay. Not more than six miles of coast line separate these two groves of wind-blasted trees that are making their last stand on earth here on these sur-beaten headlands. In a radius of forty-seven acres around Cypress Point are some 12,750 of these trees. Some are under ten years old and some were old in the days when Hiram of Tyre wrought his temples out of the famous cedars of Lebanon. It is the dream of the tree lovers of the Peninsula to safeguard the future of this cypress grove by making these acres into a national park.

Many absurd stories have been told about the origin of these ancient cypresses, stories that have almost become dignified into traditions. One—most absurd—of the stories, is that the cypress is a blood relation of the famous cedars of Lebanon in Syria. Absurd, because the cypress is not a cedar at all. The Monterey Cypress, Cupressus Macrocarpa, meaning larger-fruited, is indigenous only to the Monterey Peninsula.

Another tradition persisting in popularity is that the cypress is in reality the Bodhi or Bo tree, the sacred tree of the East Indies. It would be no more ridiculous to aver that the cypress was planted here in the Pleistocene Age by emissaries from the moon.

Of the ancient grove of cypresses near Carmel, Charles Warren Stoddard wrote more than a quarter of a century ago:

"Then if one wished to forget the world, he drove through a wilderness to Cypress Point. It was solemn enough of yore. The giant trees were hung with funereal mosses . . ."

Robert Louis Stevenson said of these cypresses that they are trees such as "murderers would hide in." It was in this grove at Cypress Point that he found the atmosphere and color for his "Treasure Island."

The truth about these marvelous trees is a thousand times more enchanting than the garbed tales that have been concocted about them.

Peninsula Pot-Pourri...

Announcement of the engagement of Miss Marjorie A. Legge of Carmel and Berkeley to Mr. Fritz T. Wurzmann of Carmel was announced early last week and is being received with interest by the many friends of the couple. The wedding will take place this summer.

Miss Legge, who is a brilliant concert pianist, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Legge of Berkeley. Dr. Legge, professor of industrial hygiene at the University of California, is also the head of the Cowell Memorial Hospital in Berkeley.

After attending the University Miss Legge studied music in Berkeley and Vienna.

Mr. Wurzmann, owner of the Peninsula Typewriter Exchange, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Wurzmann of Frankfort-am-Main, Germany, where his father is a prominent attorney. Wurzmann is a graduate of the University of Stuttgart and has been in the United States for nine years, seven of which he has lived in Carmel.

The couple will make their home in Carmel.

* * *

John Hastie, known to local people as "The Palmist of the Sierras," is in town to spend the summer months, after having wintered at Palm Springs.

* * *

After spending the past two weeks with relatives in the San Joaquin Valley, Mrs. G. C. Browne has returned to her home on Fifth and Lincoln Streets.

John Campbell and John von Salza of Stanford University were at their homes here over the week end

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert of Vancouver have returned to their home after spending the winter months in Carmel.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Reamer returned to her home recently after a two weeks' visit at the De Angoula ranch on the coast.

* * *

A surprise party in honor of his birthday was given for Mr. D. L. Staniford at the Staniford home in Hatton Fields Sunday night. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs C. J. Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Scripture, Misses Beth and Marie Rassmussen, Mrs. D. L. Staniford, Miss Wilma Roach and William Staniford.

* * *

Mrs. J. O. Dresser and daughter Betty were in town over the week end. They had as their guests Misses Jane and Buddy Henley. All are from San Francisco.

* * *

After wintering in Mayfield, Mrs. Beth Sullivan and her mother have returned to Carmel.

* * *

After a two month's business trip abroad, Frank Wickman, the distinguished pianist, has returned to his Highlands' home.

The Little Shop

On Ocean Avenue next to the Library

We specialize in Unique Souvenirs
Rare Antique Glass and China
Hand-braided and Hooked Rugs

REASONABLE PRICES

Poetry

The Craven

or

The Lament of a Hollywood Actor

Once upon a dull day dreary,
As I plodded, weak and weary,
Here and yon to pass my query
Through some casting office door—
While I plodded I kept hoping
That some cast-director groping
For a type would me be roping
As the thing he longed so for,
That in me he'd find the actor
Whom he knew he could adore;
Only this, and nothing more.

Lot to lot I wandered sweating,
All my asking nothing netting,
'Stead of work the day begetting
Flattened feet and sockets sore;
Sad and sore I was returning,
For a lift of some sort yearning,
When a vast horde I saw churning
Round about a heel-scarred door;
And the mob that seethed and slithered
Round about that battered door,
Numbered ninety, maybe more.

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in our mild December,
And each separate actor member
Sought to crash the C. D.'s door;
Threats and fight-words they were spilling,
As for first place they were milling,
But to join I was unwilling,
In that histrionic war—
As they strove to head the line-up
In that cinematic war;
Merely that, and nothing more.

Soon the sib'lant seething hissing
Of the cuss-words they were dishing
Roused in me an ardent wishing
That I'd picked the lot next door;
Not a moment more in losing,
I was toward the exit oozing,
When the C. D.'s voice in choosing
Issued forth above the roar;
And he sought a ten-buck double
For the winsome Colleen Moore.
Simply that, and nothing more.

Then among that actor rabble
Rose a most disturbing babble,
And a wild and whirling scrabble
Swirled about upon the floor;
Lean and long and airedale-jowled,
Weak and strong and rotund-bowled,
Square, oblong—the whole HORDE howled
That they'd doubled oft before,
That for ten bucks they'd wear ribbons,
Lace and lingerie galore;
Sure they would, and plenty more.

Of all types in motion pitchers,
Pretty boys to whiskered itchers,
Hard-boiled eggs to fancy-stitchers,
There is one that I abhor;
It is he with pretties peeking
And of perfume rankly reeking,
As in high heels he goes creaking
Like the dame he's doubling for;
And upon whose fluffy flounces,
Rings and things the lights stream o'er,
As he struts the lens before.

Do not think me odd appearing,
But I'M to my sex adhering,
And no one will e'er be leering
At myself in gowns boudoir;
If I'm ever seen in bloomers,
You may know despite all rumors,
That I've joined the pavement broomers
Who massage the asphalt o'er;
And if asked if you know whether
I'll adorn the screen once more,
You may quote me: Nevermore!

—JOHN HANLON

Lament for the Men of Spain

The pale crescent coruscating moon
Shines down on Carmel shores
Ghost galleons lie a-swoon—
Gone are our Spanish mores

Lobos rears its jagged head again
As waves thrust piercingly. The bores
Of Babbitt golf clubs on the wane
Could do with our Spanish mores

Dim lights flicker from Pebble Beach panes
Debutantes dream behind shut doors
The youth of Carmel are strolling the lanes
But gone are our Spanish mores

—DON PEDRO

To A Lost Love

Throw your heart to the hounds, my love
Take away the frown from your brow
You've lived and loved and lost, my love
You've taken the coin you tossed, my love
And your heart is gone from you now.

Throw a kiss to the moon, my love
It's as cold as my love for you
And the cross is yours to bear, my love
And the fact that I've ceased to care, my love
After all is only your due.

L'Envoi

I might have stayed forever
Had you been the least bit clever.

—MICHAEL HOLCROFT

The Abalone Discusses Freud

Said a Hermit Crab to a Sea Anemone
Why not indulge in platonic harmony?
I think it's fun to hide from the sun
Under a bed of kelp
I need no help
To make me forget I'm just a crustacean
What do you get for your virtue's frustration?

My life is pure, the Sea Urchin said
I'll never be known to hang my head
Nor will I run for the things I've done
Nor shall I whelp
'Neath a bed of kelp
I remain steadfast to my station
I'll never be called the berth of a nation

An old shell listened with gentle smile
As the Hermit Crab said he'd walk a mile
If a little she crab in a borrowed cab
Cried for his help
With plaintive yelp
He'd fly with assistance amorous
As a lover he was quite glamourous

The Sea Urchin said I think it's baloney
Just look at the grin on that old Abalone
Never a jot from that very spot
Has he moved
Be reproved!
The old shell said to the little sea virgin
I'm far too old to need any urgin'

Love is a thing that knows no reason
With all mankind it's an open season
With us poor fish it's a bitter dish
'Tis hard to be content
For an old impotent
Battered and splattered storm tossed crustacean
An ocean Casanova in a sea weed plantation

Ah me, sighed the rusted encrusted old fellow
At night when the moon is a crescent of yellow
I sigh with remorse that I'm not a sea horse
Whinnying with delight
Pity my plight!
We're all in the swim with no time to whoop
For any day now we'll be just plain soup

Let mankind take heed as it hears of our plight
For love to a lobster still comes at first sight
And many a girl with disgusting spit curl
That's hard to take
Can easily make
A man feel a lowly crustacean
So simple Freud's frustration!

—OSCAR OYSTER

Ia ora na . . .
Mahapi . . .
All is pau . . .
All is pau . . .
Gaugin, he go . . . Mala . . .
Tusitala, he pau too . . .
Soon me pau . . .
Soon you pau . . .
Ia ora na.

* "Pau" is Polynesian for "finished"

Happiness Lies In A Trunk

A SHORT STORY
BY EDWARD FILES

Things had been breaking badly for Tom Bailey and his show "Easy Going."

For six months they had been playing in tank towns getting by on the narrowest margin. Now winter was setting in and the situation was becoming a serious one, especially for Tom, because he was in love with his leading lady Irene Dupre, and all that kept them from getting married was the lack of money.

The whole company was tired and disgusted and, save for the fact that they were troupers, and jobs were scarce, would have chucked the whole business long before this. The show was a good one. Tom knew this. He also knew that with the proper backing it would stand a better than average chance of becoming a smash hit.

Proper backing, there was the rub. Several times he thought sure he had an "angel" interested but somehow or other he couldn't crack the nut.

There had been Hoffman, the wealthy Seattle brewer, who had actually made out a check for $25,000. But Tom had found out that his interest was in Irene and not the show. Tom didn't like this and he had told Hoffman so in no gentle manner.

Then there was the big producer, Schwartz. Schwartz had seen the show in Sacramento and immediately after the performance sent his card to Tom requesting him to call at his hotel the next morning. Tom didn't sleep all night. He went to the hotel at the appointed time but Schwartz had been called to Hollywood and hadn't left any word for Tom. So he wrote several letters to him but they were never answered.

That had been three months ago. Since that time the show had worked its way through Washington and Oregon and back down the coast to Santa Barbara. San Francisco was purposely skipped so they could put on their last performance there where they had started. If something didn't happen by then, the show would go up in smoke.

It was ten minutes before the first curtain. Tom was sitting before a well lighted mirror in his dressing room making up. Across the small room, before an identical mirror, was Lew Bradley, whose youthful face was gradually taking on a dissipated old age appearance. Lew was Tom's side kick.

Tommy glanced at the reflection of Lew's back in his mirror. "Well, Lew," he said, "it looks as if the last curtain is about ready to fall on the whole show before long, and I don't think there will be any curtain calls."

Lew finished making a wrinkle across his forehead before he replied:

"Aw, quit it, will you, Tommy. The show ain't through yet. Something is bound to happen by the time we hit Frisco. You know the whole company is behind you. Why there isn't one of them that wouldn't follow you to hell if you were going to put a show on there." Lew continued making wrinkles.

Tom finished with his make-up in silence and went across the room to finish dressing. Lew completed his ageing process and turned in his chair. "There you are," he began with mock sincerity, "from twenty-eight to fifty-eight in fifteen min—hey!"

He broke off his speech with a yell and made a dive that ended with Tom underneath him on the floor. Amazement was on Tom's face as he picked himself up. He regarded Lew as though he doubted the latter's sanity. "What's the big idea?" he demanded as he brushed himself off.

"Why, you poor sap, *you were sitting on that trunk*. And you squawk about tough luck. I hate to think of what's liable to happen now."

Tommy grinned. He had been so taken up by his thoughts that he sat on a large wardrobe trunk while he tied his shoes.

Lew was still muttering about "bad luck" when the call boy shouted, "Places."

Tom slapped Lew on the back as they left the dressing room. "Don't worry," he consoled, "things can't be much worse than they already are."

Lew snorted.

Things did seem to go wrong this night. Props were out of places; lines seemed to drag and lack the usual snap. Several times during the performance Tom thought of sitting on the trunk. Maybe there was something to it after all. Well, it didn't matter because in another week the show would fold, anyway.

Somehow the cast struggled through two hours of acting and at the final curtain they filed, more silently than usual, to their dressing rooms.

Tom and Lew finished removing their make-up and were changing to their street clothes when there was a knock at the door. It was a registered letter for Tom. As he glanced at the sender's address a wave of excitement that started somewhere deep in his stomach overtook him and he sank weakly into his chair.

"Holy smoke!" he gasped. "It's a letter from Schwartz." He started to tear the envelope open with uncontrollable haste.

Lew stopped him. "You haven't forgotten about sitting on the trunk, have you? You'd better cross your fingers."

Tom crossed his fingers, opened the letter and read through it quickly. With a shriek of joy he bounced out of his chair, grabbed Lew and danced about the room. Lew, bursting with curiosity, finally quieted him down and demanded to know what news the letter contained.

"Good news! Schwartz is going to use "Easy Going" for a plot in a big musical revue. We're in the movies, Lew. We're going to Hollywood."

Lew's jaw dropped, but only for an instant. "Wow!" he cried. "Say, let's tell the gang and have a party."

And a party they had. Lew awoke the next morning with a gin hang-over and a silent vow to himself never to touch another drop again as long as he lived. He rolled over and glanced at Tom's bed to see if he was awake yet. The bed had not been slept in. Lew sat up in bed and tried to collect his scattered thoughts. Tom had been there when he had gone to sleep he was sure. Funny he would leave without saying something.

The hours passed. Still no sign of Tom. Lew, now worried, called other members of the cast into his room and questioned them but no one could give the slightest clue as to where Tom might be. Someone suggested that the good news had gone to his head and he had gone nutty. The company were all ready to notify the police when Lew had an idea.

"Everyone wait right here," he said, "and I think I'll have Tom here inside of a half hour."

Sure enough, a half hour later Lew walked into the room with Tom, a sheepish smile on his face, following him. They were greeted with sighs of relief and questions as to where Tom had spent the night.

Lew took the center of the floor and with his fingers hooked in his vest explained, "Well, that's one hunch that was right. You couldn't guess in years where I found him." Lew took time out to laugh. "I found him," he continued, "asleep in the wardrobe trunk in our dressing room."

"Yes," grinned Tom, "and what's more, I think I'll continue sleeping in it until we get to Hollywood. I'm not taking any more chances."

GEORGE P. ROSS
ATTORNEY
AT LAW

La Giralda Building
Dolores at Seventh
Telephone Carmel 1003

Linne Bardarson Seriously Injured by Car

Linne Bardarson, four-year-old son of O. W. Bardarson, Principal of Sunset School is in the Monterey Hospital suffering from a spiral fracture of the upper leg, lacerations and bruises, after being struck by the bumper of an automobile last Thursday while visiting relatives in Long Beach.

Linne managed to hold on to the bumper after he was struck and saved himself from being crushed by the wheels of the car. His leg was put into a temporary cast in Long Beach after which he was rushed to Monterey.

Carmel assuredly extends its sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Bardarson and hopes for Linne's speedy recovery.

Buxom Butterflies Soon to Blossom!

Get your pink ribbons ready to tie moth balls on the oak trees if the prediction of Councilman Joseph Burge comes true. For the entire Peninsula, Carmel included, will soon be infested with flickering pests again.

At the last council meeting, Commissioner of Streets and Parks Burge stated that the oak moths are about ready to start their annual chewing on the foliage of the art colony's sturdy oaks, and unless the council voted to advance $110 to spray the nasty things they would eat everything in sight, including the park.

The village smithy, Councilman John Catlin, caring very little for the dangers to the moth's digestive tracts doesn't think there is any immediate danger and at his recommendation and the probable sacrifice of Burge's park, the council voted to delay the matter pending an investigation which it is expected will expose intimate details of the moths' private lives. Watch for further exciting details at tonight's council meeting.

O. O. McIntyre and Irvin Cobb Coming to Carmel

Arriving sometime this week, Carmel will soon have more distinguished visitors when Mr. and Mrs. O. O. McIntyre and Irvin Cobb and his daughter visit Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fish at their estate on the highlands in Carmel Valley.

Miss Cobb, talented daughter of the famous writer, has been making an excellent reputation for herself in the literary field recently. "Odd" McIntyre, perhaps America's leading columnist, will undoubtedly be featuring Carmel in his column shortly.

Blues Win in Sunset School Meet

A large crowd turned out to watch the "Blues" defeat the "Reds" by a single point in a closely contested track meet on the Sunset School grounds last Friday afternoon. The final score was "Blues" 48½ points, "Reds" 47½ points.

The meet, which was the closing event of a series which was the Sunset School's contribution to Public School Week, provided thrills and a display of good sportsmanship that rivaled any college or prep school meet.

Adults who acted as officials were the Rev. Mr. Dorsett, Winsor Josselyn, Mr. Calley, Mr. Gale, William Staniford, "Doc" Staniford, Mrs. Rinehart and Miss Goodloe. The recorder was Miss Henninger.

The Movies

Katherine Hepburn in "Spitfire," supported by Ralph Bellamy and Robert Young, was decidedly worth seeing. If you did not see it at the Carmel Theatre, it is well worth a visit to the Pacific Grove Theatre on May 13th.

The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences awarded Miss Hepburn the year's prize for her acting in "Morning Glory." Her work in "Spitfire" may not be quite up to that standard, but it isn't far behind.

For this week we recommend "Wonder Bar," George White's "Scandals," and the "Gambling Lady," all at the Carmel Theatre. The first two are filled with music, color and movement. The last named has some nice dramatic touches with a well written story, and grand camera work. —J. L.

Health Talk at School

Will Lea, known to thousands of school children throughout the United States as "Cho-Cho, the Health Clown," will give a talk and health demonstration in the Sunset School auditorium at 11:30 this morning. "Cho-Cho" will give another talk in Carmel at a later date, which will be announced soon.

* * *

The Little Shop in the Little House has moved to "The Little Shop" next to the library garden. The proprietor, Mrs. Carol Edwards, is displaying her newly acquired stock of unique pottery, distinctive rugs and rare glass and china in a very artistic manner, a feature so well appreciated in Carmel.

* * *

Professor H. A. Overstreet's *A Guide to Civilized Loafing*, is off the press. It is a well thought-out and readable book.

MILTON LATHAM
Architect

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ORDERS TAKEN AT STANIFORD'S DRUG STORE

Highlights of City Council

On the reccommendation of City Attorney Argyll Campbell, action on the Carmel business license ordinance amendment to permit issuance of licenses to firms that have been in business more than three months and less than a year, without payment of a $100 deposit, was postponed at their meeting on Wednesday of last week.

According to Campbell, passage of the amendment might result in the ordinance losing its effectiveness.

The Carmel Business Association recommended the passage of the amendment so that the new ordinance would not work a hardship on those established in business less than a year ago.

At the recommendation of Councilmen Robert Norton and Joseph Burge, Camino Del Monte will be oiled at a cost not to exceed $100. Oiling of Scenic Drive was also authorized following the receipt of a petition signed by seventeen property holders.

Mayor James Thoburn signed an agreement with the state for improvements to be made on Santa Lucia, Second Avenue and San Carlos Streets by the department of public works.

Two bad turns on the new road through Carmel Woods, one at the intersection of Carpenter Street, and the other at the Serra monument, are to be widened by the county road crews according to a report by Councilman Joseph Burge, street commissioner.

Change in the meeting time of the Council was made at the request of Councilman Robert Norton. Instead of meeting at 7:30 as has been done in the past the Council will now gather at 8:15.

Permits to trim and remove trees were granted to Herbert Heron, Harold Busey and F. R. Cooper.

Carmel Badminton Players Win Tourney

Local players who went to the Northern California Badminton Tourney at Atherton last week showed that Carmel can produce athletes as well as artists when Paul Whitman and Charles Frost won the men's doubles, and Walter Snook won the men's singles; Charles Frost and Margaret Moll were runners up in the mixed doubles, and Harrison Godwin and his partner took first place in the mixed doubles.

* * *

After spending an enjoyable week in Carmel, Professor George Peirce and his wife have returned to their home in Palo Alto.

* * *

THE VILLAGER is on sale at news stands in Carmel and Monterey every Wednesday.

The Power of the Press

Copyright 1934

A ONE ACT PLAY

by *Pierre Du Croi*

CAST

Flannagan . . . . . The City Editor
Horace Potts . . . . The Demon Reporter

(As the curtain rises we find down left a regular telephone booth. Lighted by the small light, enough to show the character's facial expressions, but otherwise very subdued.

Down right, as far away as the stage permits from the telephone booth, is the desk of Flannagan. A shaded light hangs over his head, lighting him, but also keeping up the effect of distance between the two characters. His desk is the usual newspaperman's, littered with copy, telephones, and a battered typewriter.

Flannagan is a hard-boiled, crisp City Editor. His lines are very staccato without being rushed too much. He is the Top Sergeant type.

Horace Potts is an Edward Everett Horton; a silly ass without being effeminate. At times he drawls his lines, but doesn't let up on the pace of the pace of the play.

As the curtain rises the light appears over Flannagan first, then when Horace calls him from the booth, that light comes on. Otherwise the stage is very dark. A sound of typewriters, bells ringing, voices calling, and the usual confusion of a newspaper office is heard as Flannagan speaks . . .)

FLANNAGAN

Boy! Oh, boy! Here, take this down to the composing room right away. And snap out of it. Joe, get me the engraving room, see if those cuts of Killer McGurk are finished yet. Lemme have proofs on 'em. (The telephone does it again) Here, hello! HELLO!

HORACE

Puh-lease! *Mister* Flannagan, must you give tongue in that dreadfully bellicose manner?

FLANNAGAN

Oh, my sainted Aunt Maria, is it you at last? Where in (ping) have you been for the past four hours?

HORACE

(Rather bored) Oh, places . . . don't you know, places . . .

FLANNAGAN

Places? For the love of . . . What kind of places?

Market Del Mar
TELEPHONE
CARMEL 964
Groceries, Fruits
and Vegetables
Dolores between Seventh and Eighth

The Chinese Gift House
IMPORTERS OF ORIENTAL
OBJECTS OF ART
Entire Stock
Sacrificed
Drastic price concessions
to reduce stock and raise cash
A vast selection of rare importations
from China, Japan and India
Sale Starts
Thursday, May 3
9 A.M.
Der Ling Oriental
Shop
2 Doors South of Post Office, Carmel

HORACE

Oh, sundry and assorted places, you wouldn't know them.

FLANNAGAN

(Sardonically) I wouldn't know them, wouldn't I? And why not?

HORACE

Some of them were *nice* places, chiefy.

FLANNAGAN

Don't call me chiefey! What about that story I sent you out to get four whole hours ago, four whole . . .

HORACE

Four holes to one you get excited again, chiefey . . .

FLANNAGAN

(Burning up) Jeez! Four whole hours doing . .. four whole . . .

HORACE

Yes, yes, there, there, *I* know, four whole hours ago. Well, you see, chiefey . . . I got the story *three* whole hours ago.

FLANNAGAN

You . . . Don't call me chiefy . . . you GOT the story three hours ago? That was simply swell of you wasn't it? And surely, Horace Potts, *Mr.* Horace Potts, it's not askin' too much to ask where the (ping) you've been since then?

HORACE

Ha, ha, haw! That's what I buzzed you on the jolly old telephone for, Chiefey, you see . . . after I got the story you sent me out to get . . .

FLANNAGAN

I can't believe you ever really got the story, but go on . . .

HORACE

Well, after I got the story, don't you know, I went out for my tea . . .

FLANNAGAN

Oh, Oh, I might've known it, here I am gettin' out the bull dog edition, waitin' for a news break, and you go out to tea!

HORACE

Yes, Chiefey, that is, I started for my spot of tiffin. I left the tenement you sent me to, the home of Killer McGurk, where you wished me to interview his aged mother, because, his mater wasn't there . . .

FLANNAGAN

You, you nit-wit, how in the hell could you get a story on Killer McGurk's whereabouts . . .

HORACE

How do you know he wears them, chiefey?

FLANNAGAN

How do I know he wears . . . oh, you doddering dimwit, I mean how could you get a story on where McGurk was at . . .

HORACE

Such grammar!

FLANNAGAN

. . . if his mother wasn't there, answer me that, Horace Potts.

HORACE

I say, chiefey, if you're going to be insulting, you can jolly well hang up.

FLANNAGAN

I'd blinking well like to hang you up, get on with your story.

HORACE

That's what I'm trying to do, old pal, old pal. You see, Mr. McGurk's mother wasn't there, but his little brother, Slasher McGurk, and some of his friends were.

FLANNAGAN

They were? Did you talk to them?

HORACE

I should most certainly say I conversed with them, chiefey. And what's more, that wasn't all . . . either . . .

FLANNAGAN

No? I suppose you invited them out to tea . . .

HORACE

Certainly not! Our introductions were altogether too perfunctory for that, besides, they weren't my sort, more of your type, don' you know.

Serra Festival Conference

Representing Bishop Scher of the Monterey-Fresno diocese, Fred V. Williams, publicity director, was here last week. He conferred with D. L. Staniford, chairman of the local committee and with Father Michael O'Connell, pastor of Carmel Mission.

* * *

After visiting his mother and friends for a week Mr. Ralph James returned to Oakland Sunday where he is working with his father manufacturing automatic clocks.

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FLANNAGAN

I do not know, and what's more, I've got a newspaper to get out, get on with your yarn . . .

HORACE

Well, chiefey . . .

FLANNAGAN

OOH! (ping) (ping) (ping)

HORACE

Will you cease ringing that silly bell in my ear, it's most annoying!

FLANNAGAN

Am I sorry, get goin'.

HORACE

Well, these chappies asked me who I blinkingly well was, (grammar like yours, chiefey) and what I was doing upon their premises . . .

FLANNAGAN

I'm gonna love this . . .

HORACE

I simply showed them that pretty little police badge you gave me and told them that I represented the paper that was going to incarcerate Mr. McGurk.

FLANNAGAN

Nice of you, Horace, but what did they say?

HORACE

Haw, haw, they were at first inclined to disagree with me, siding, as it were, with their compatriot . . .

FLANNAGAN

Its lucky it wasn't "as it were" with you . . .

HORACE

Tut, tut, I told them that incarceration was the least Mr. McGurk could expect . . .

FLANNAGAN

Yeah? And what did they say to that?

HORACE

One of them, the one with artichoke ears . . .

FLANNAGAN

You mean cauliflower ears . . .

HORACE

Possibly, as a matter of fact, they rather resembled mashed potatoes, if you are interested in graphic descriptions . . .

FLANNAGAN

Well, I'm not, at least not the kind I usually get from you.

HORACE

Very well, but where was I?

FLANNAGAN

Don't you even know that?

HORACE

Ah, I remember, I was telling these uncouth personages that Mr. McGurk would be incarcerated . . .

FLANNAGAN

And what did they say?

HORACE

Well, the laddie with the abnormal aural appendages . . .

FLANNAGAN

With the what?

HORACE

With the funny ears, don't you know . . .

FLANNAGAN

Go on, what did he say when you said McGurk would be incarcerated?

HORACE

Ha, ha, he said McGurk would go to jail first. Ha, ha, he misunderstood my meaning.

FLANNAGAN

Who wouldn't.

HORACE

Then, seeing that I *was* interested, these men invited me in.

FLANNAGAN

And you're still able to tell me about it, "whom the Gods love, they first make mad," that fits you, alright.

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HOME-OWNED GROCERY

Leidig's

Your every conceivable want . . . as far as groceries and delicacies go . . . can be SATISFIED AT LEIDIG'S

LIQUORS & WINES

. . . THE *largest,* AS WELL AS THE *finest,* STOCK ON THE PENINSULA

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HORACE

But their demeanor changed almost immediately after the door closed behind me. They became rude, almost hostile. I think they were about to threaten me, when a noise above them, in the skylight, attracted their attention.

FLANNAGAN

Go on, I suppose it was Santy Claus?

HORACE

No, really, it wasn't, you know. It was Killer McGurk!

FLANNAGAN

KILLER McGURK! Back in town again? Hey, Joe, stop the presses, hold everything, get me a re-write man on this wire, Go on, Richard Harding Davis . . .

HORACE

Well, Chiefey, picture these lads' chagrin, having their playmate drop in like that, just after they had told me, their guest, that he was out of the city.

FLANNAGAN

I'm picturing it.

HORACE

Naturally, I chided them for their falsehood, and told them that my city editor, Mr. Alpheus P. Flannagan, would hear about it.

FLANNAGAN

What did they say?

HORACE

Mr. McGurk was quite interested, to quote him, he said, quote, "Flannagan? Dat's de guy I'm gonna get, if I swing fer it, I'll teach him to publish my fingerprints on de front page," end of quote, chiefey.

FLANNAGAN

He said that? What in (ping) did you have to bring my name into the conversation for, a fine Xmas I'm gonna have now, with Killer McGurk looking for me . . .

HORACE

Fear not, chiefey, I know all his plans.

FLANNAGAN

Then you probably know whether he's gonna use a sub-machine gun on me, or just a couple of hand grenades . . . what happened then?

HORACE

Oh, the rest is quite gruesome, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

What do you mean, gruesome?

HORACE

Well, these gangsters, which is what I realized they were . . .

FLANNAGAN

Oh, clever, so clever of you.

HORACE

. . . entered into a debate . . .

FLANNAGAN

A debate?

HORACE

Yes, as to whether or not it would be well to dispatch me then and there in the tenement house, or to take me for a ride . . .

FLANNAGAN

Are you getting all this on the other telephone, Oscar?

HORACE

Oh, is Oscar there? How are you Oscar? I say, about that five dollars I . . .

FLANNAGAN

Horace, never mind Oscar and the five dollars, what happened then, did they take you for a ride?

HORACE

Do you think *I* would go riding with strange men, Mr. Flannagan?

FLANNAGAN

Shut up and tell me what happened . . .

HORACE

Well, luckily Mr. McGurk was so perturbed after I told him about your unceasing efforts to bring about his capture that he paid very little attention to me.

Doll Circus at Sunset School

The Pattison Marionettes will present an all-star circus of ten acts in the Sunset School auditorium at 10:45 o'clock Friday morning, as a benefit for the student body of the school. The money taken in will go towards the planting of shrubs, vines and small trees on the school grounds.

All the dare-devil performers of a regular circus will be seen and the grown-ups are guaranteed as much entertainment as the youngsters.

* * *

Frank Sheridan, well-known Carmel actor, has returned to his home after spending a number of weeks in Hollywood where he worked in "The Cat's Paw" and "The Bewitching Hour."

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FLANNAGAN

That was very sweet of you, Horace, thank you for telling the Killer about me . . . you big sap . . .

HORACE

One of their men was detailed to mind little me until Mr. McGurk could complete his plans to surprise *you.*

FLANNAGAN

Oh, so he's gonna surprise *me,* huh?

HORACE

Yes, indeed, and while McGurk was donning his disguise, his gorilla friends tied me up and threw me into the closet . . .

FLANNAGAN

But how did you get out?

HORACE

Quite simply, you see, the joke was on them, for it wasn't a closet, it was an old elevator shaft!

FLANNAGAN

Ho ho, I'll bet that'll break their hearts, did you hear that, Oscar? Horace shoots the chutes . . .

HORACE

And speaking of shooting, chiefey, Mr. McGurk's last words were that he would be waiting for *you.*

FLANNAGAN

My God, where?

HORACE

Ah, that is going to be the question, it seems that there is a touch of the Napoleonic in Mr. McGurk, and his surprise is rather clever at that

FLANNAGAN

For the love of Mike, what is it?

HORACE

Well, it seems that Mr. McGurk may be lurking almost anywhere. You see, before I left, he donned the costume of a street Santa Claus, and he has a machine gun underneath his false whiskers . . .

FLANNAGAN

Oh, oh, how did that big ape ever think up an idea like that?

HORACE

Well, I don't wish to seem immodest, but I think he rather derived it from me . . .

FLANNAGAN

From you? Oh, (ping) Do you mean to tell me you, my pal, told that public enemy how to get me? Do you realize that I'll have to stay in this blinking office from now until New Year's, until they fire fifty thousand synthetic Santy Clauses?

HORACE

Yes, I thought of that, and I've brought you around a sandwich.

FLANNAGAN

My poor old Aunt Maria, first you tell this mug how to get me and then you bring me around a sandwich, where the (ping) are you now?

HORACE

Who, me? Oh, I'm down stairs in the advertising department.

FLANNAGAN

Downstairs? Right below me? OOOOH! (ping, ping, ping!) What in the name of mud are you doing down there?

HORACE

Oh, counting Santy Clauses, I can see better from down here.

FLANNAGAN

Counting Santy Cl—Oscar, get me a hat to jump on, and I've been wasting all this time on you with a re-write man. Now listen, you get up here right away and write the story yourself . . .

HORACE

I would love to Chiefey, but I can't . . .

FLANNAGAN

What do you mean, you can't?

HORACE

I'm peeking out the window, chiefey, to see what Santa's going to bring you for Xmas!

(Fade in noise of typewriters, voices, bells ringing, as the curtain falls)

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